



A Congratulatory P O E M

On King WILLIAM's Victories in Ireland, and his Happy Return into England:

When *French* like Locusts spread the *Irish* Coast,
 And *Teague* could justly of his Numbers boast,
 Sad was the Winter, heavy the Campaign,
 Shockt with Distempers and Tempestuous Rain;
 Tents were our Tombs, and Men lay dead unslain:
 Not the great *Schomberg* could Resistance yield,
 But Death reign'd Conquerour and kept the Field.
WILLIAM alone could War and Fate command;
 Victorious *Cæsar* has subdu'd the Land.
 Hence, Mighty Prince, —
 I'll never scruple Transmigration true,
 Since *Alexander's* Soul survives in you,
 His Conduct, Courage and his Fortune too.
 What *Sobietzky* at *Vienna* got,
 All that *Lorain* with Toyl and Time e're fought,
 Admits no Ballance (were it duly weigh'd)
 With what King *WILLIAM's* daring Arms have made.
 Their Cause was Intrest and the Papal See;
 His, True Religion, Laws and Liberty.
 Long and uncertain steps their Ends attain'd,
 Whilft nothing here, but *Vidi, Vici*, reign'd.

At his approach th' affrighted Rebels run,
 Like flying Mists before the rising Sun.
Dublin rejoyc'd to quit her Copper Coyn,
 When *Cæsar* forc'd the Passes of the *Boyn*:
 Thunder and Lightning from his Cannon flew;
 Not storms of Rain, but streams of Blood ensue:
Drogheda quitted on the first Alarm,
Duncannon, Waterford, pursue the Charm,
 And all submit to his victorious Arm:
 An Arm on which the Foe with wonder gaz'd,
 An Arm at which the Battail stood amaz'd,
 At which the Bullet trembled when it graz'd.
 Heavens bleſs the Victor! May his Triumphs rise
 Till Angels guard him to his native Skies.
 And now with grateful Hearts and willing Hands,
England receives him from the *Irish* Bands.
 And tho' the *Empire* courts him, *Holland* more,
 To act as General on a foreign Shore;
 Unwillingly we wish his Grandeur shown,
 Unless his Person still supplies the Throne.

F I N I S.